

**THIS ISSUE! A NIGHT AT THE TEMPLE INN!**

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*Hanna-Barbera* PRESENTS

# SCOOBY-DOO®



**HARVEY**





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**SCOOPY-DOO**

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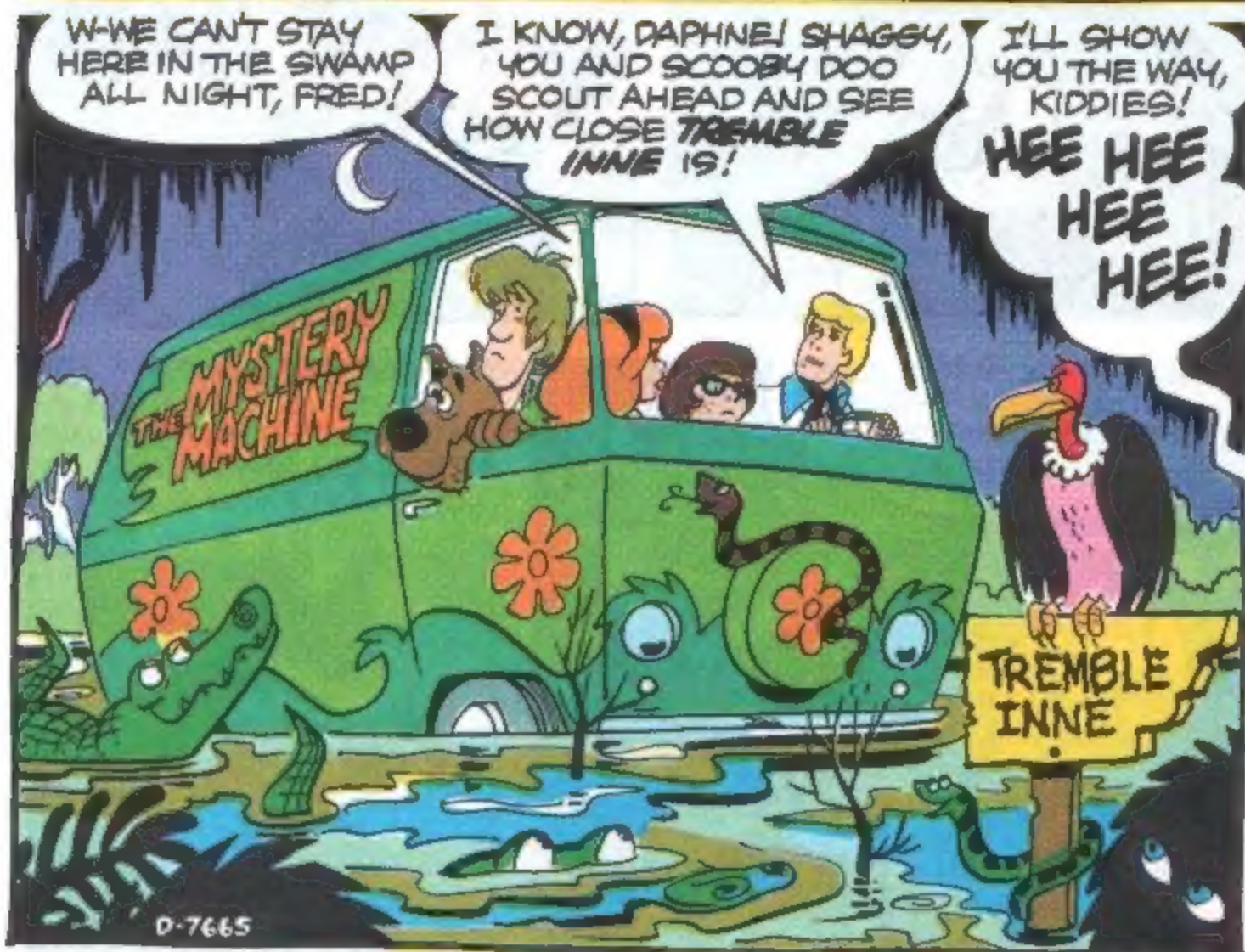
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Hanna-Barbera  
**SCOOBY DOO**... **WITCHES' NIGHT OUT**

W-WE CAN'T STAY  
HERE IN THE SWAMP  
ALL NIGHT, FRED!

I KNOW, DAPHNE! SHAGGY,  
YOU AND SCOOBY DOO  
SCOUT AHEAD AND SEE  
HOW CLOSE **TREMBLE  
INNE** IS!

I'LL SHOW  
YOU THE WAY,  
KIDDIES!  
**HEE HEE  
HEE HEE  
HEE!**



D-7665

W-WHO ARE  
YOU? HOW D-DID  
YOU GET HERE?

**HEE-HEE-HEE!** SILLY QUESTION,  
CHILD! I AM MADAME LA ZONKER,  
YOUR **FRIENDLY HOSTESS**  
AT **TREMBLE INNE**!





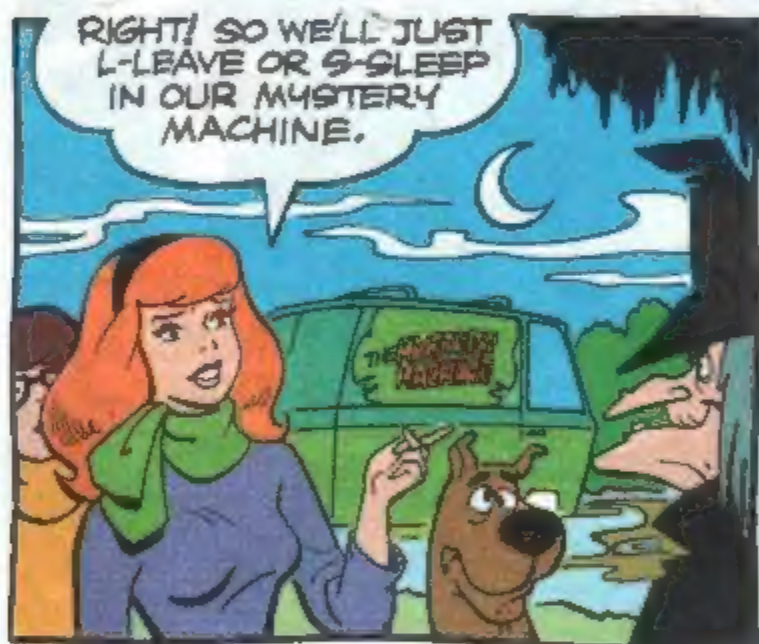
HMMM... LET'S SEE... YOU'RE YOUNGER THAN MOST OF OUR GUESTS BUT WITCHES HAVE TO BEGIN SOMETIME, DON'T THEY. WHAT ARE YOUR NAMES?



UH... THIS IS DAPHNE, VELMA, HE'S SHAGGY, THAT'S SCOOBY DOO, AND I'M FRED. W-WE DON'T HAVE RESERVATIONS.



RIGHT! SO WE'LL JUST L-LEAVE OR S-SLEEP IN OUR MYSTERY MACHINE.



**HEE-HEE-HEE!**  
LEAVE? OH, NO... THE OWNERS OF TREMBLE INNE NEVER LET ANYONE ESCAPE... OR TURN ANYONE AWAY!



WALK THIS WAY!

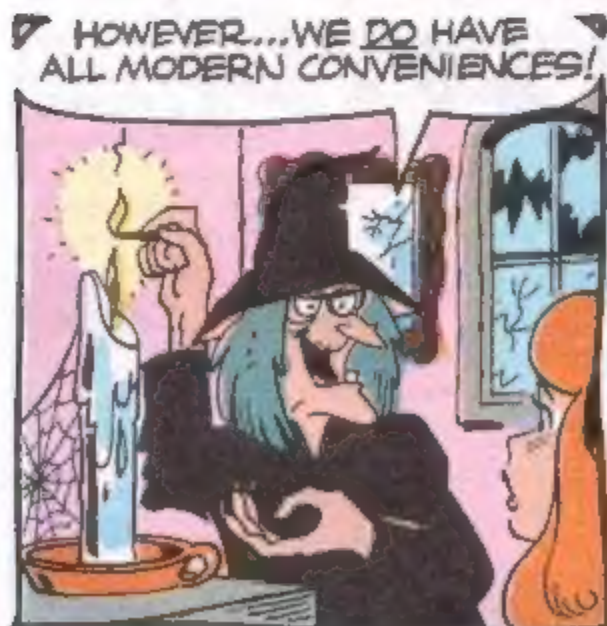
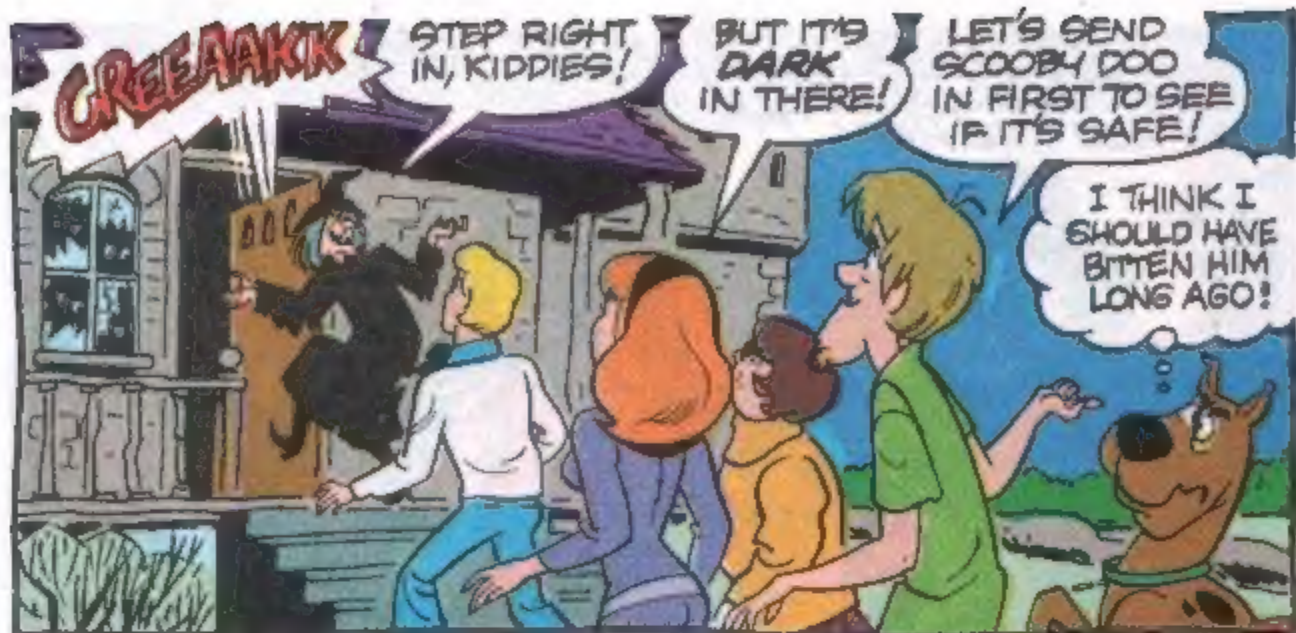
I'LL TRY.

IT GIVES ME A BACK-ACHE!

IT GIVES ME A HEAD-ACHE!









GANG, OUR NEW GUESTS ARE NOT MEMBERS OF OUR NATIONAL ORGANIZATION. **HEE HEE HEE HEE!**

DO THEY WANT TO JOIN OUR GROUP? WE HAVEN'T HAD A REALLY HIDEOUS INITIATION IN A LONG TIME!

HOLD IT, YOU CREEPS!



WE GOT ON THE WRONG ROAD AND GOT STUCK IN THE SWAMP. WE WANTED A PLACE TO SLEEP... THAT'S ALL. NOW QUIT CLOWNING AND SHOW US OUR ROOMS!



PARTY-POOPERS!

FOLLOW ME!



THIS IS THE MASTER BEDROOM. YOU GIRLS SLEEP IN HERE.

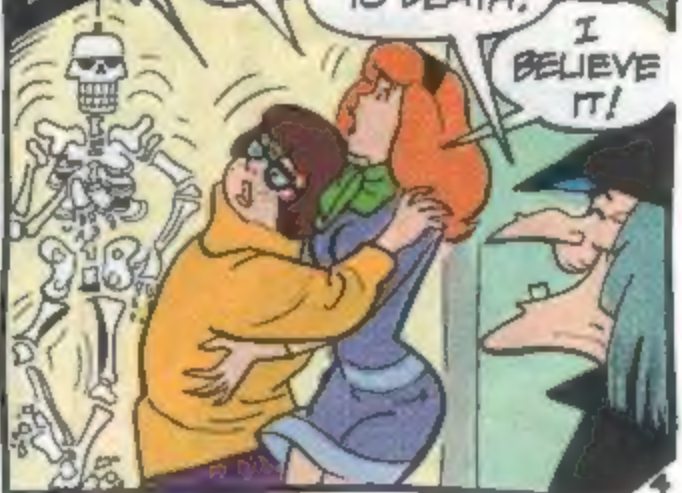
YOUR INTERIOR DECORATOR USES TOO MANY SPIDER WEBS!



YIIII!!! WHO'S HE?

OH, HE WAS THE ORIGINAL OWNER BUT HE **STARVED** TO DEATH!

I BELIEVE IT!





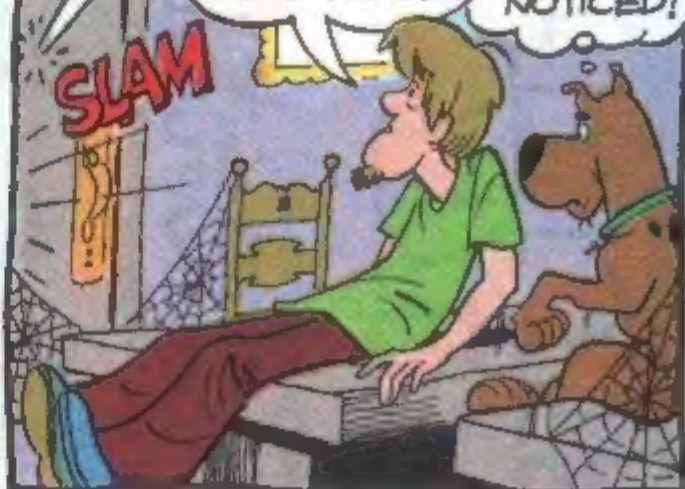
SHAGGY, YOU AND SCOOBY DOO WILL FIND THESE SLABS...ER SINGLE BEDS, *VERY COMFORTABLE!*



HEE HEE HEE!

THERE'S SOMETHING WEIRD ABOUT THIS PLACE!

I'M GLAD SOMEONE NOTICED!



HEY, SCOOBY...IT LOOKS LIKE THEY DON'T WANT US TO *FALL OUT OF BED!*

IS HE FOR REAL?



AND THIS IS FOR YOU, SIR!

I DON'T LIKE IT. IN FACT, I THINK WE'RE ALL GOING TO *LEAVE!*



OH, NO!...WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A *BALL* TONIGHT. YOU KIDS ARE OUR *GUESTS OF HONOR!*









**MEANWHILE, BELOW**

WE WILL BEGIN WITH THE WHISKERY ONE AND THE STUPID DOG! THEY AWAIT US IN THE SACRIFICIAL CHAMBER.

I JUST SHARPENED MY SWORD. CAN I USE IT? HUH? CAN I?



THIS IS GOING TO BE A BALL! COME ON!



WHAT'S GOING ON? SCOOBY DOO AND I WERE JUST FALLING ASLEEP!

DON'T WORRY, SONNY! SOON, YOU AND YOUR CANINE COMPANION WILL GO INTO THE SLEEP THAT NEVER ENDS!



BEGIN WITH THE ANIMAL WHILE I CHANT THE CHANT OF SATAN!

I'VE HAD IT WITH THESE CLOWNS!



EXECUTIONER, AT THE COUNT OF THIRTEEN YOU WILL KILL THIS CREATURE!

THAT DID IT!

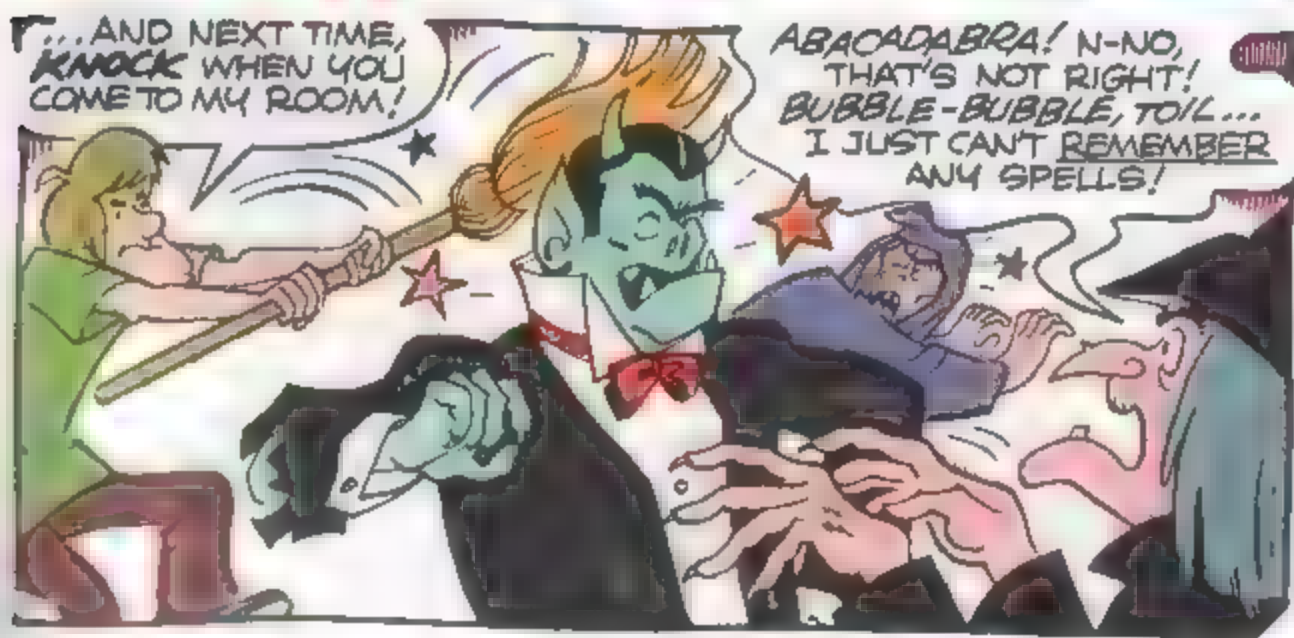
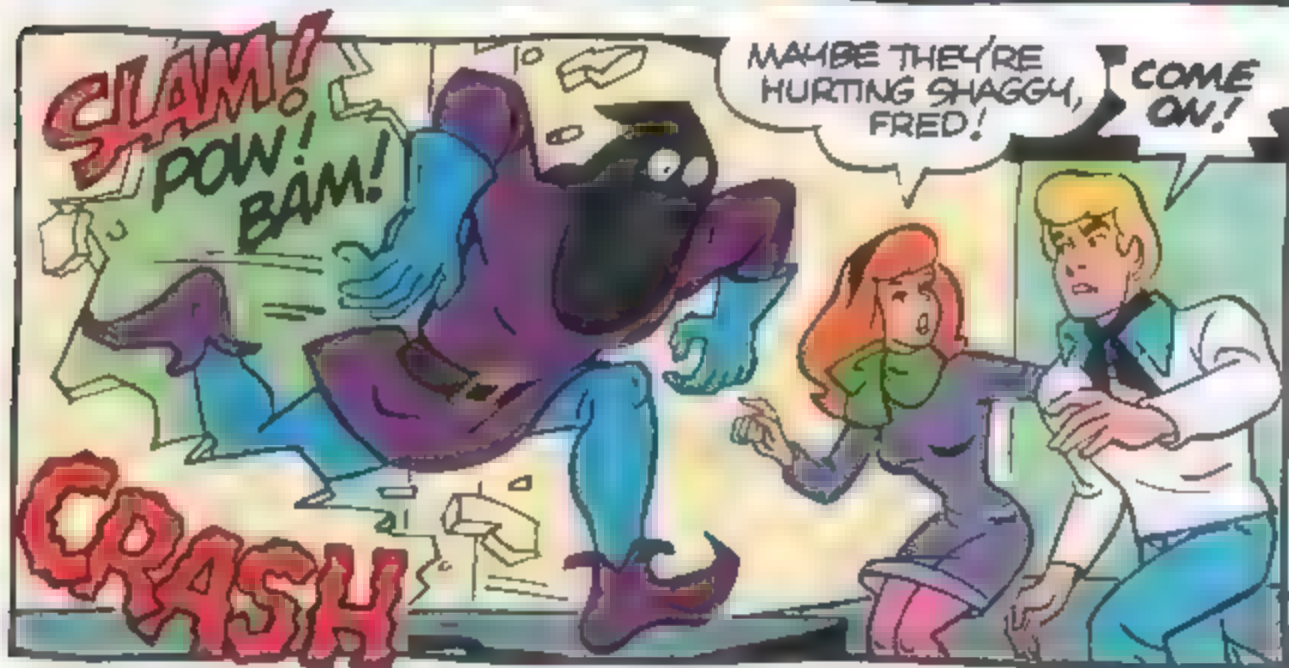
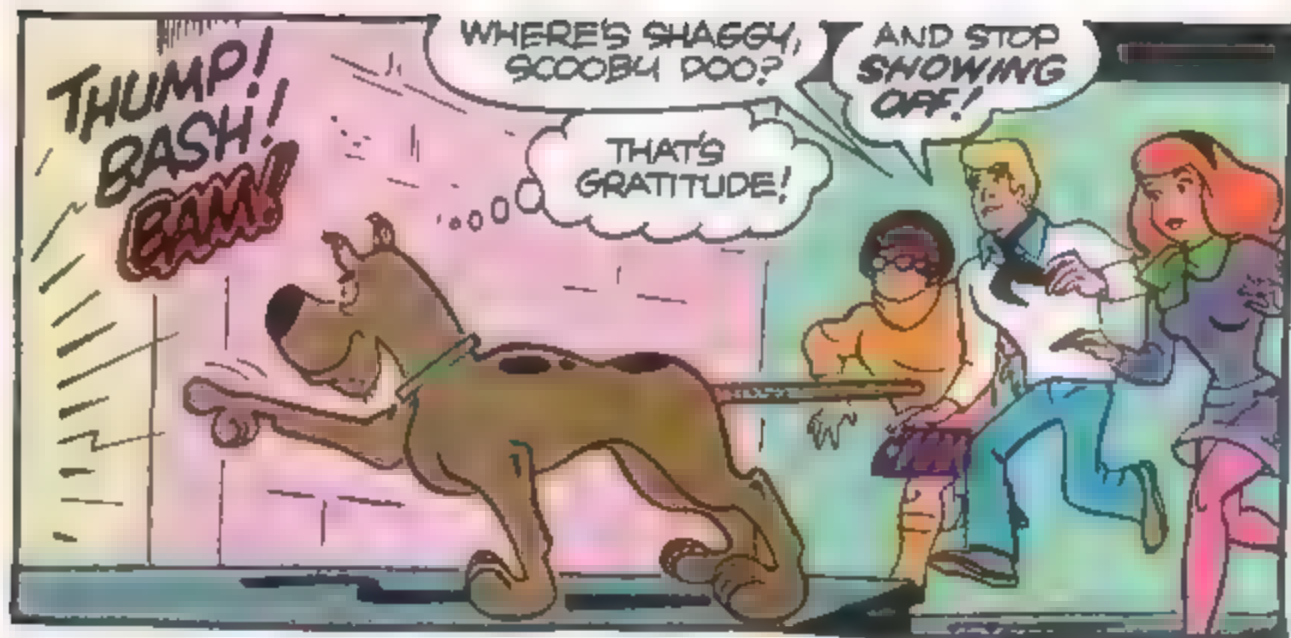
GRRRWOOFF!



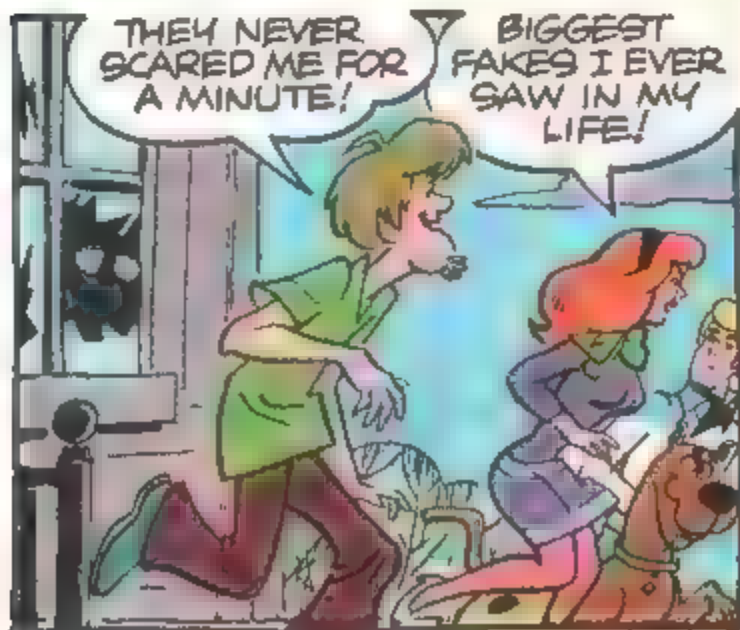
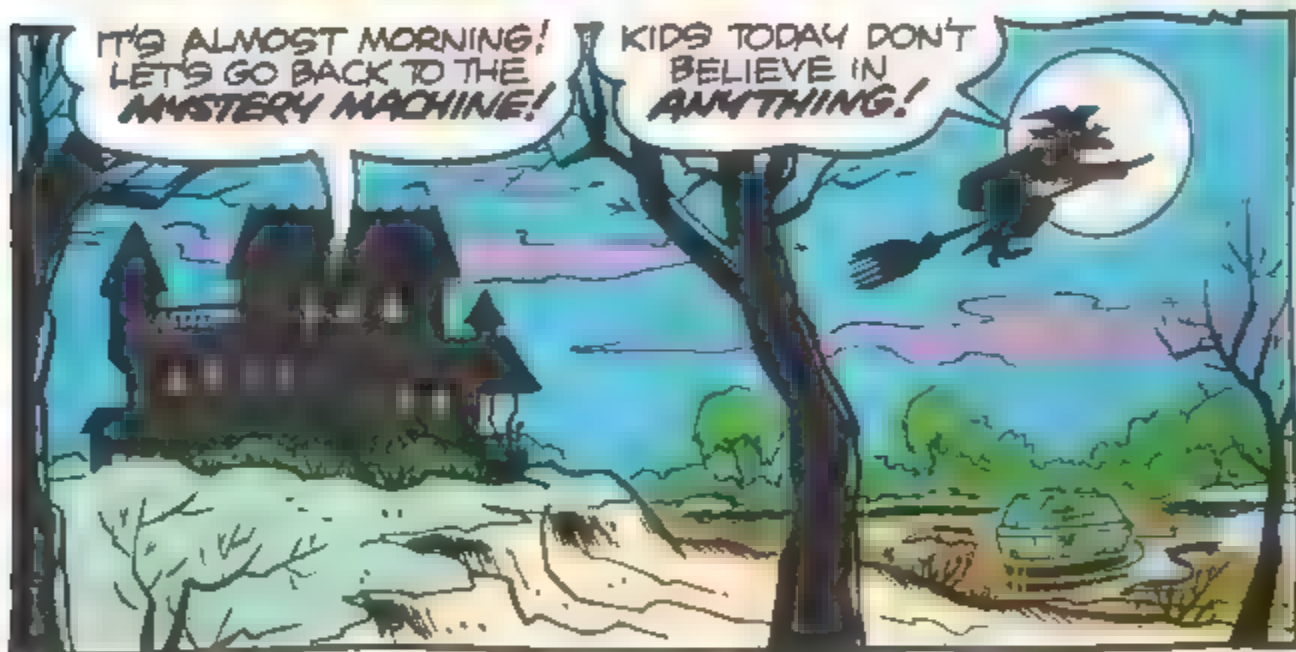














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**SCOOBY DOO**...  
**WHERE ARE YOU!**



A GHOSTLY SKELETON  
HAUNTS A CAR MANUFACTURER,  
TRYING TO DRIVE HIM OUT  
OF BUSINESS! JOIN SCOOBY-  
DOO AND THE GANG AS...

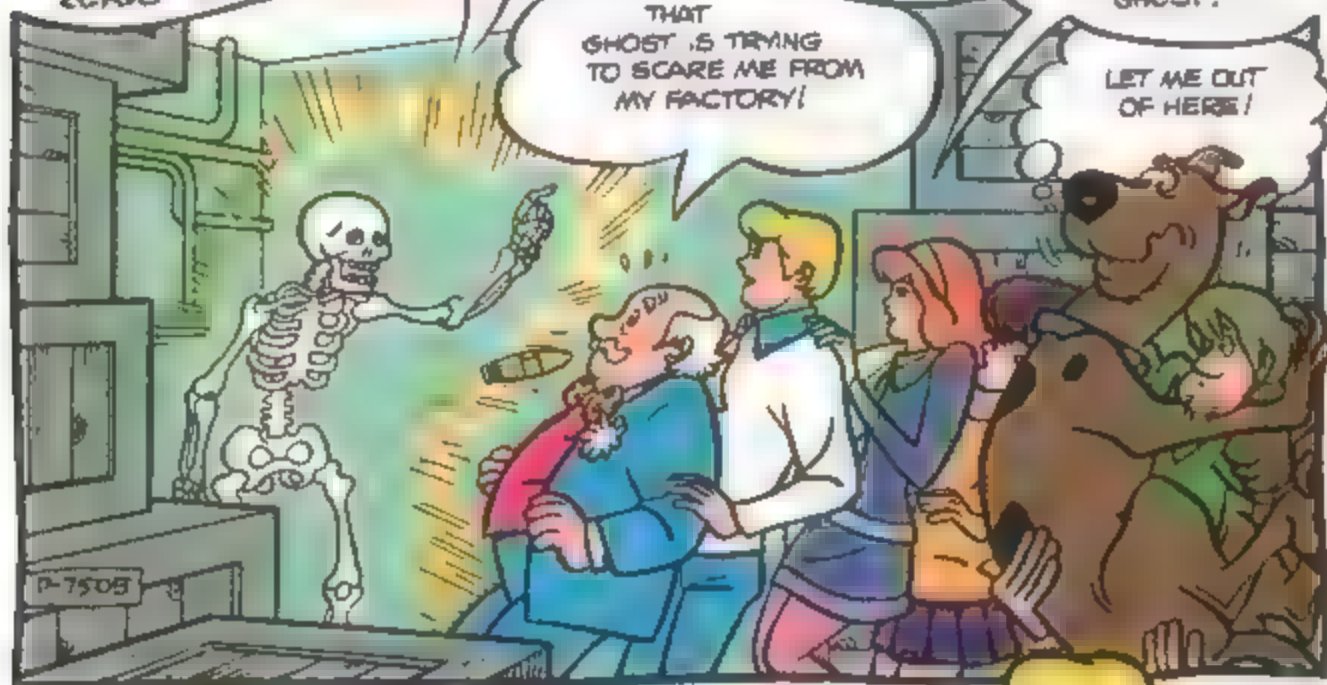
# THE SKELETON SPEAKS!

LEAVE THIS LAND, MORTALS! OR DIE!

\* GASP \* IT'S  
A REAL  
GHOST!

THAT  
GHOST IS TRYING  
TO SCARE ME FROM  
MY FACTORY!

LET ME OUT  
OF HERE!



IT ALL STARTED WHEN WE RECEIVED A CALL FROM  
J.R. FLATBOTTOM, THE CAR MANUFACTURER!

WHAT'S  
THE PROBLEM,  
MR. FLATBOTTOM?

FRED! MY  
FACTORY IS  
HAUNTED!

A GHOST IS GIVING  
YOU TROUBLE?

IF IT'S NOT  
STOPPED, I'LL  
GO OUT OF  
BUSINESS!

OF COURSE,  
YOU DODO!  
WHO ELSE  
HAUNTS?





MR. FLATBOTTOM! THE GHOST IS IN WAREHOUSE #3, AGAIN!



COME ON GANG! LET'S INVESTIGATE!

NOT ME!



I'M STAYING HERE!

I DON'T LIKE GHOSTS!



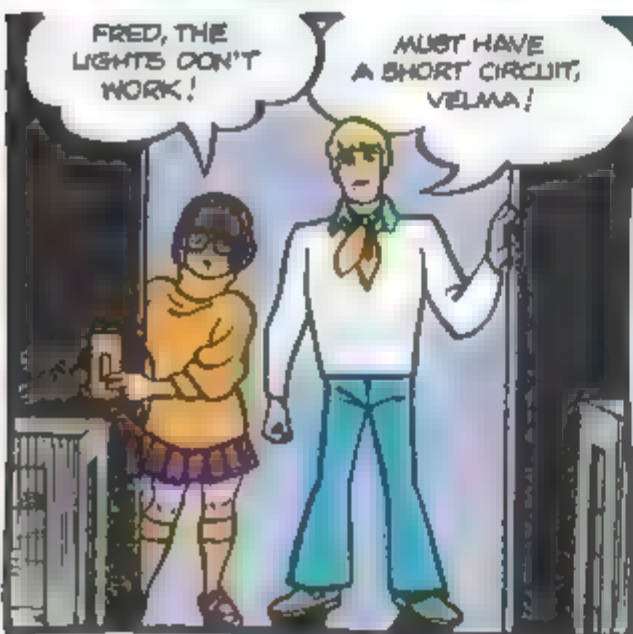
COME ON SCOOBY! FRED MIGHT NEED HELP!

LEAVE ME ALONE. I'M A PACIFIST WHEN IT COMES TO GHOSTS!



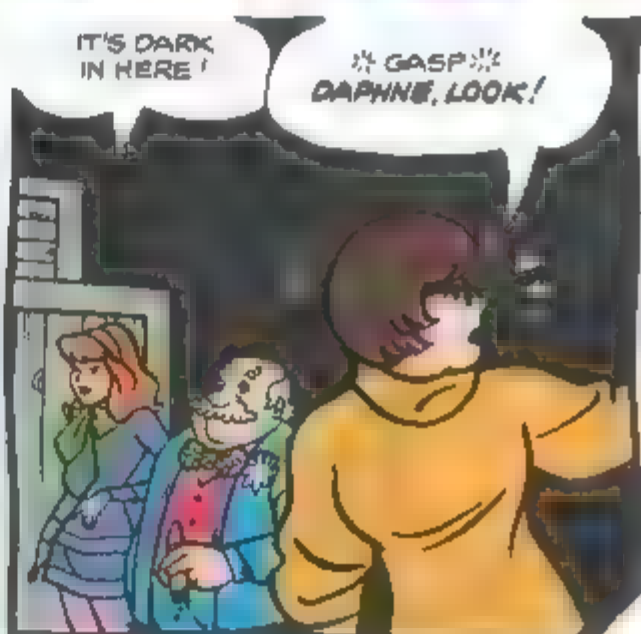
FRED, THE LIGHTS DON'T WORK!

MUST HAVE A SHORT CIRCUIT, VELMA!

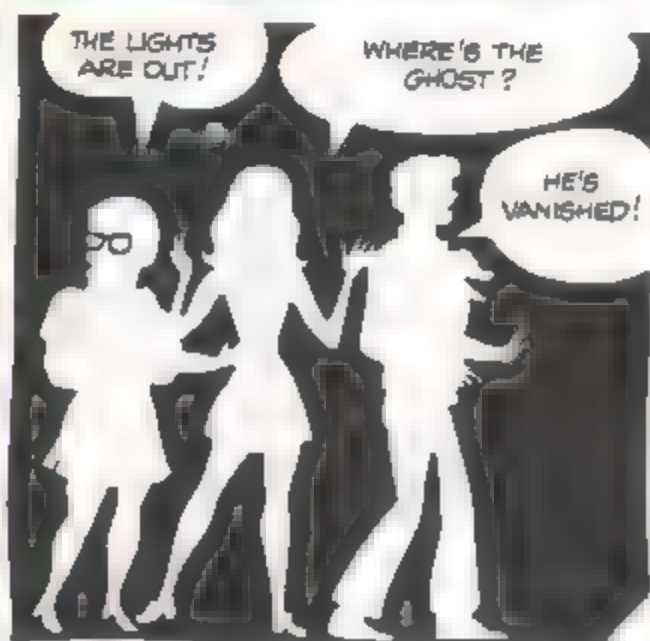
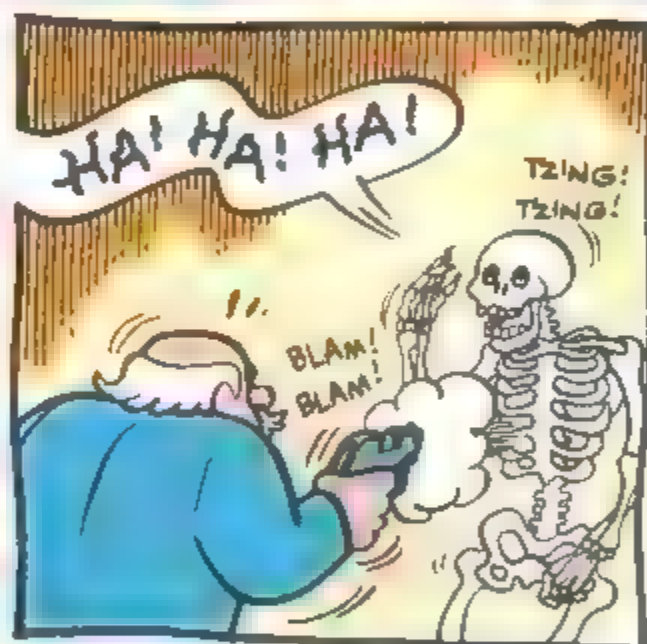
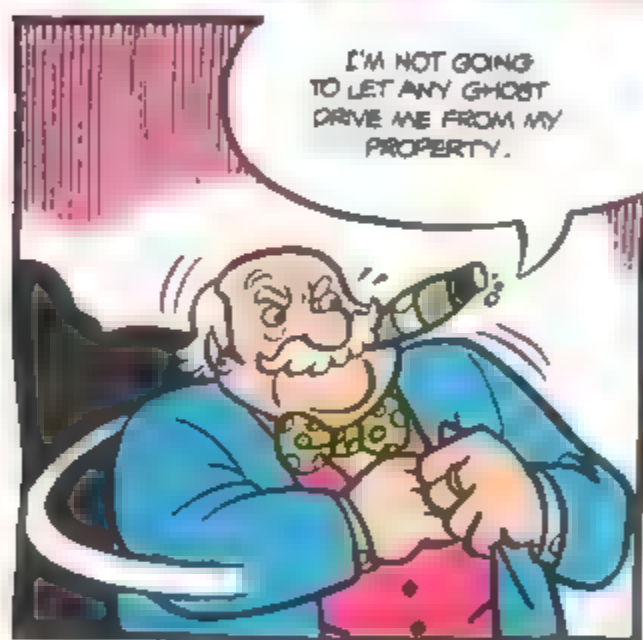
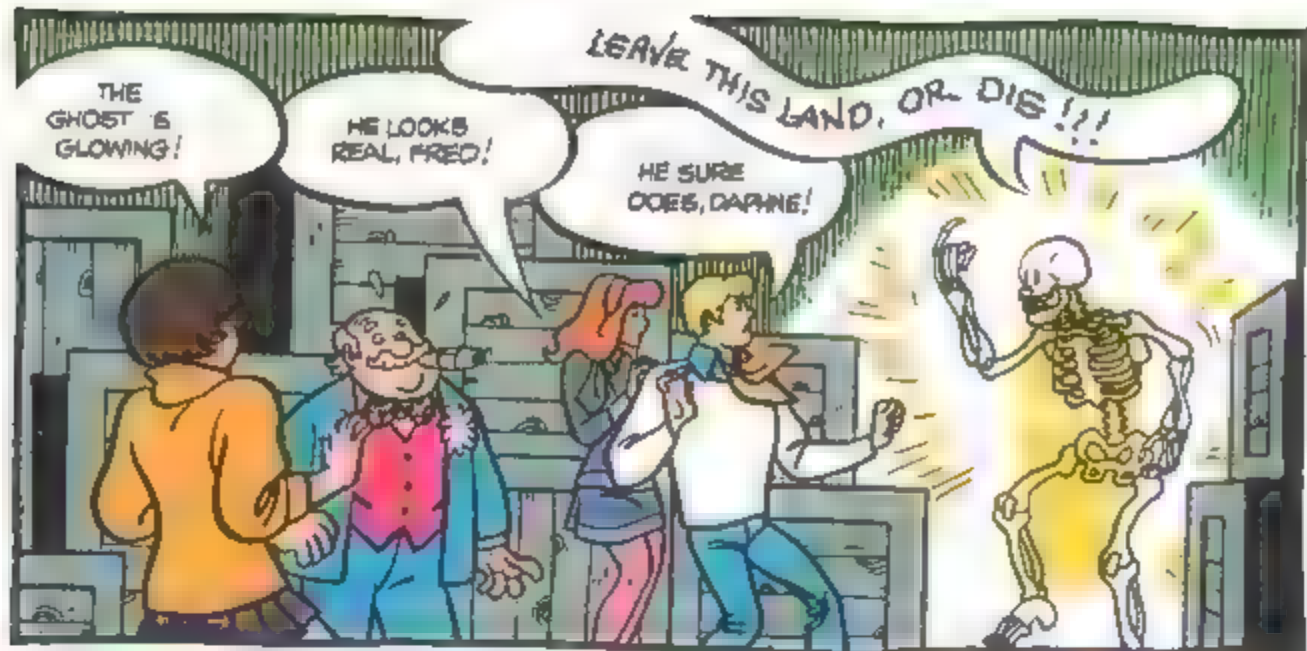


IT'S DARK IN HERE!

❖ GASP ❖  
DAPHNE, LOOK!









HERE'S A FLASHLIGHT, FRED!

SHAGGY!  
WHERE WERE  
YOU?

ER... SCOOBY  
AND I WERE  
LOOKING FOR  
THE GHOST!

BUT  
HE WASN'T  
UNDER THAT  
DESK.

THE BULLETS  
WENT RIGHT  
THROUGH THE  
GHOST!

THEN IT COULDN'T  
HAVE BEEN A MAN IN  
A COSTUME!

MR. FLAT-  
BOTTOM, WHY  
AREN'T THE LIGHTS  
WORKING IN  
HERE?

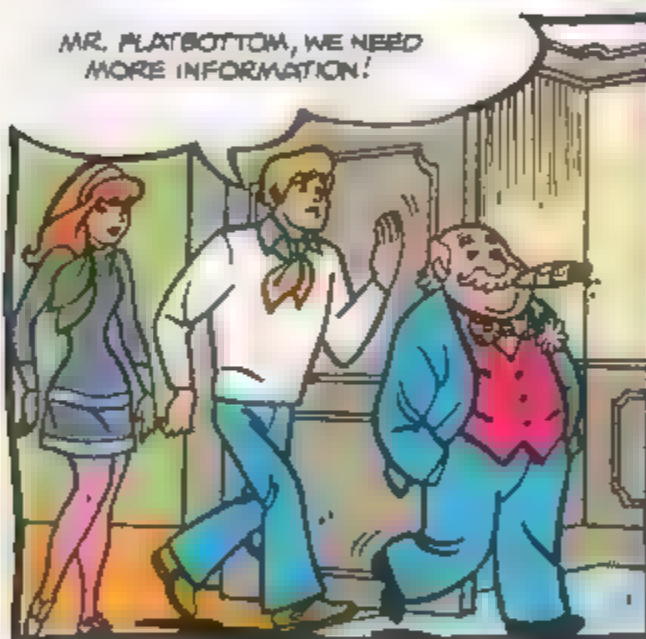
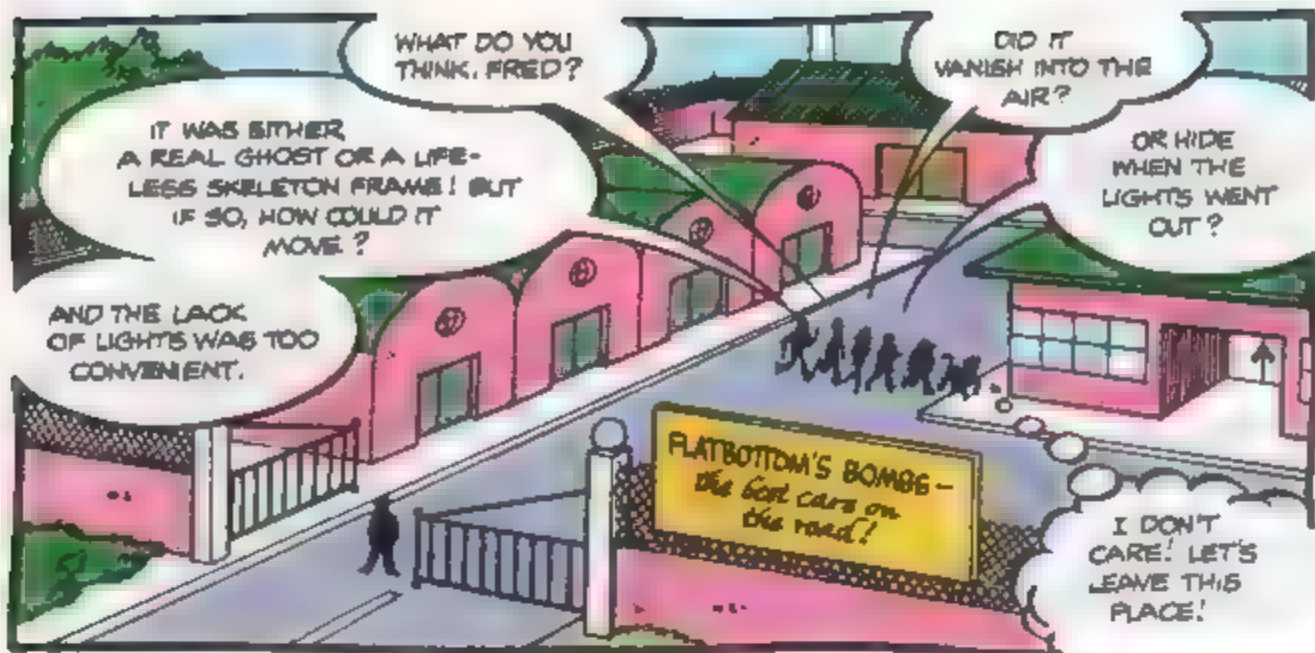
I DON'T  
KNOW,  
VELMA!

IT'S AN ABANDONED BUILDING,  
BUT IT STILL SHOULD BE  
OPERATIONAL!

I MUST  
TALK TO MIKE  
CAMERON  
ABOUT THIS!

HE USUALLY  
ATTENDS TO EVERY-  
THING FOR ME!







I THOUGHT ABOUT SELLING THE BUSINESS! THEN, ABOUT TWO WEEKS AGO, THE GHOST MADE HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.

DEPART MORTAL, THIS IS DEATH'S DOMAIN!

EEYIII!!

DID THE GHOST EVER HURT ANY-ONE?

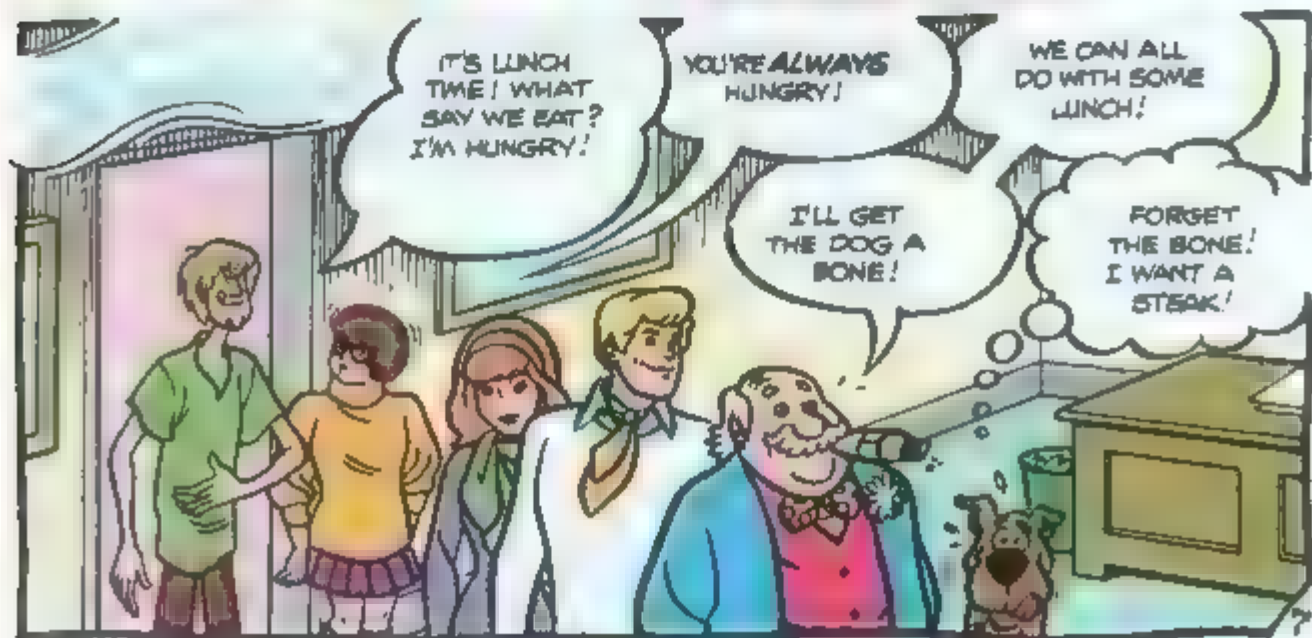
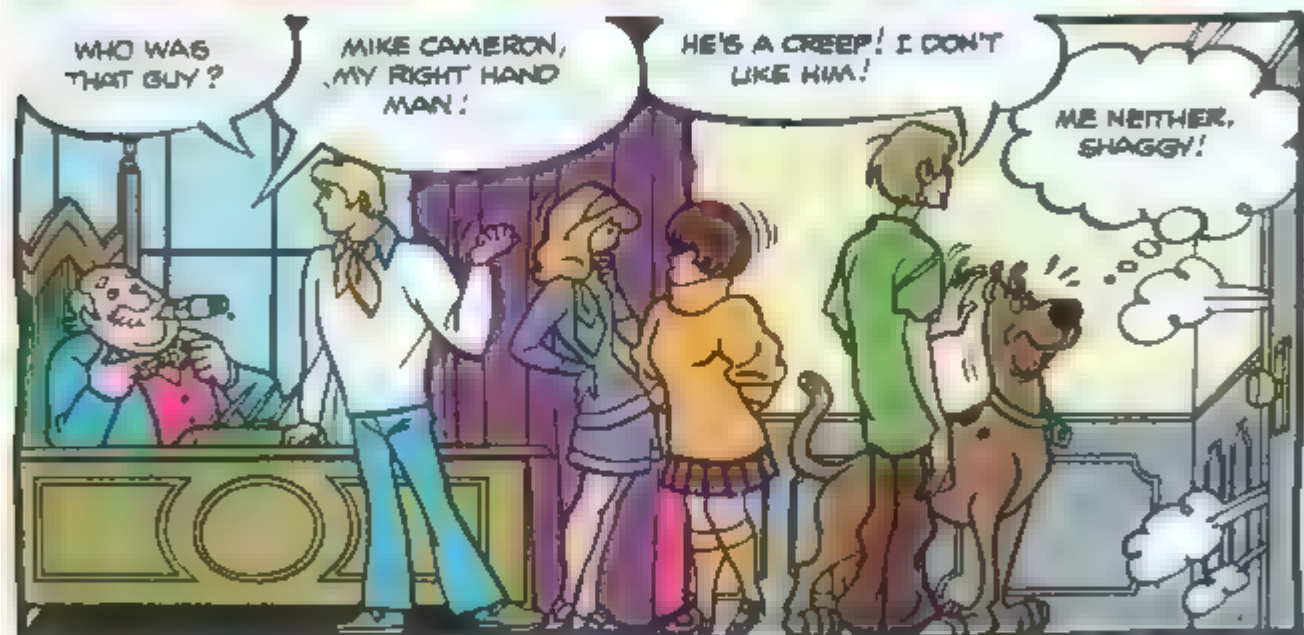
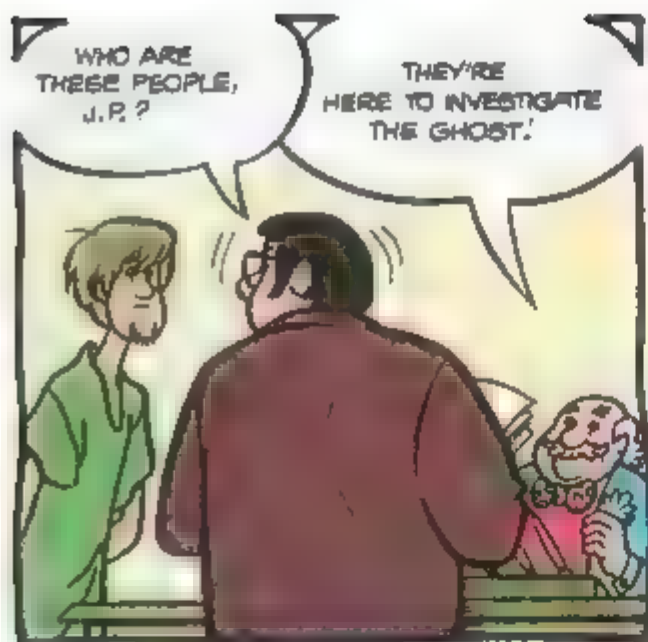
LUCKILY, NO, DAPHNE!

ER. HOW DID YOU DISCOVER THE BUSINESS WASN'T DOING WELL?

MIKE CAMERON TOLD ME!

J.P., I HAVE SOME CONTRACTS FOR YOU TO SIGN!







THANKS ANYWAY MR  
FLATBOTTOM! BUT WE  
HAVE WORK TO DO!

YOU CAN  
WORK! I  
WANT TO EAT!



VELMA, YOU CHECK THE  
PERSONNEL FILES SEE IF YOU CAN  
TURN UP ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS!



DAPHNE AND I WILL ASK SOME  
QUESTIONS AROUND THE PLANT!

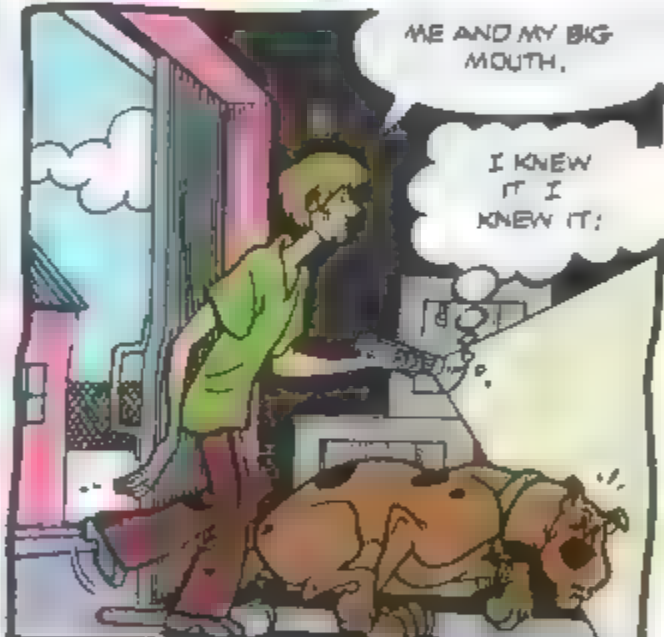
SHOULDN'T SOMEONE LOOK  
FOR THE GHOST?

OH,  
NO!



ME AND MY BIG  
MOUTH.

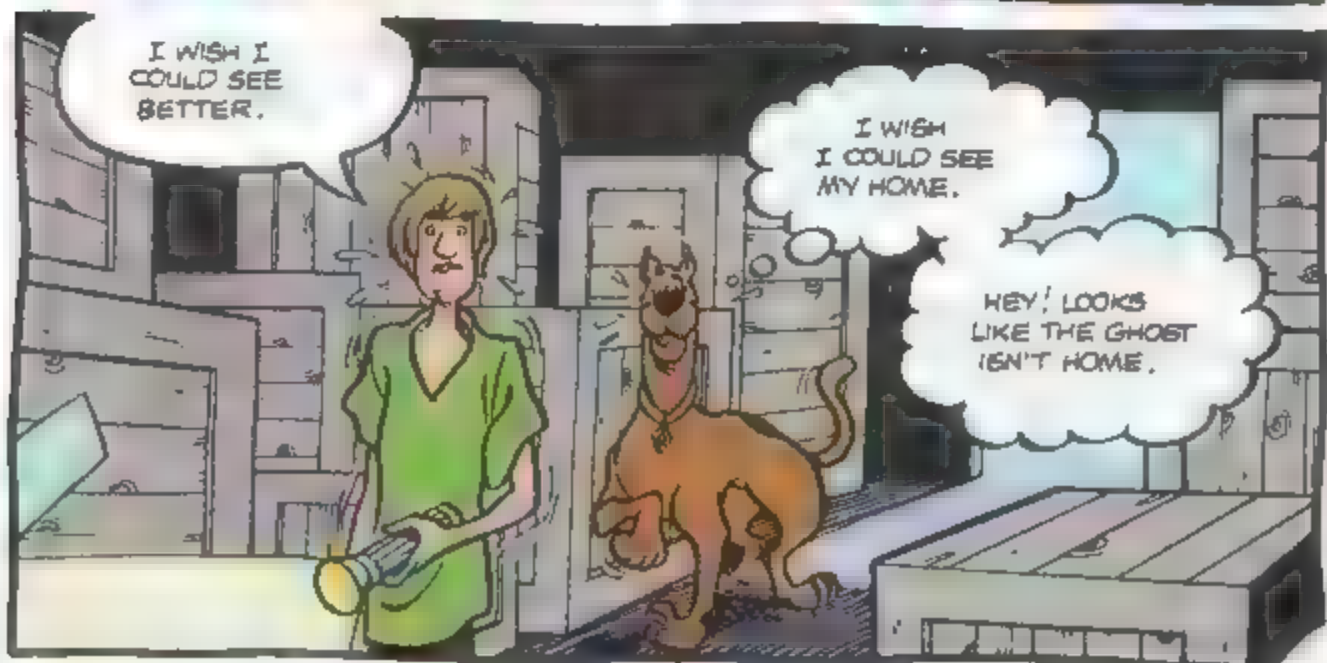
I KNEW  
IT I  
KNEW IT!



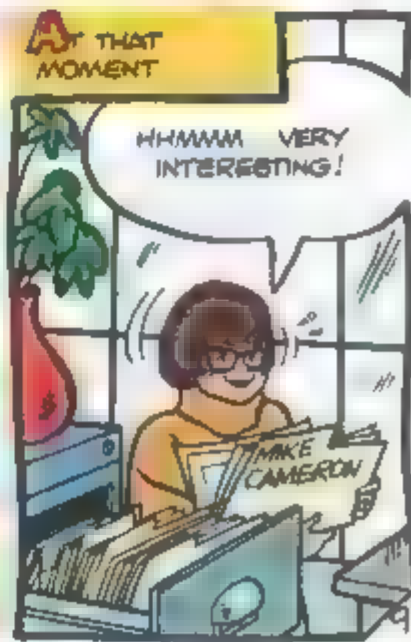
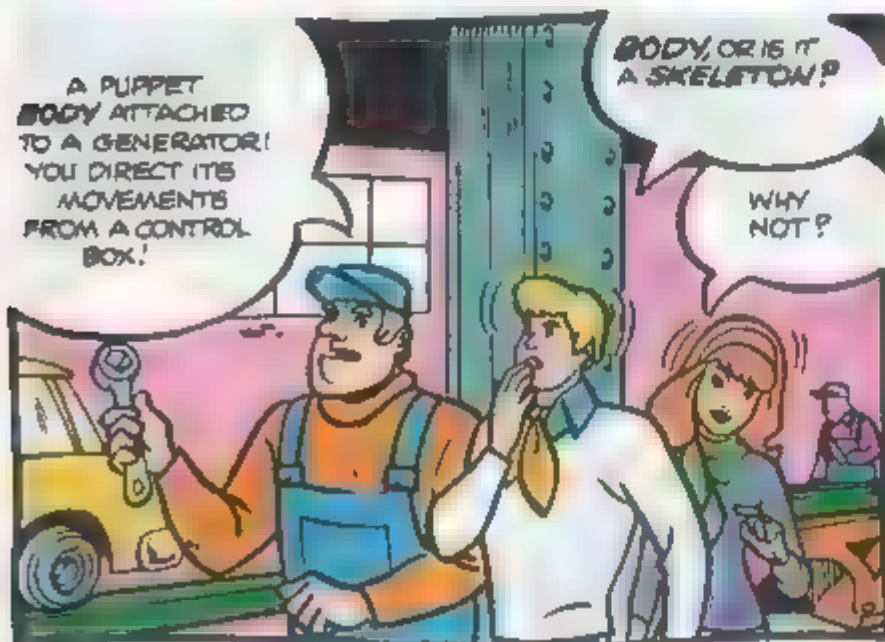
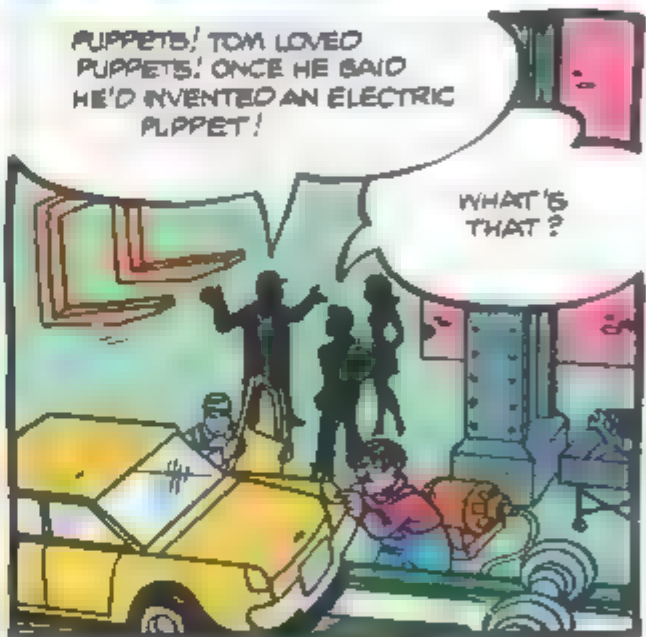
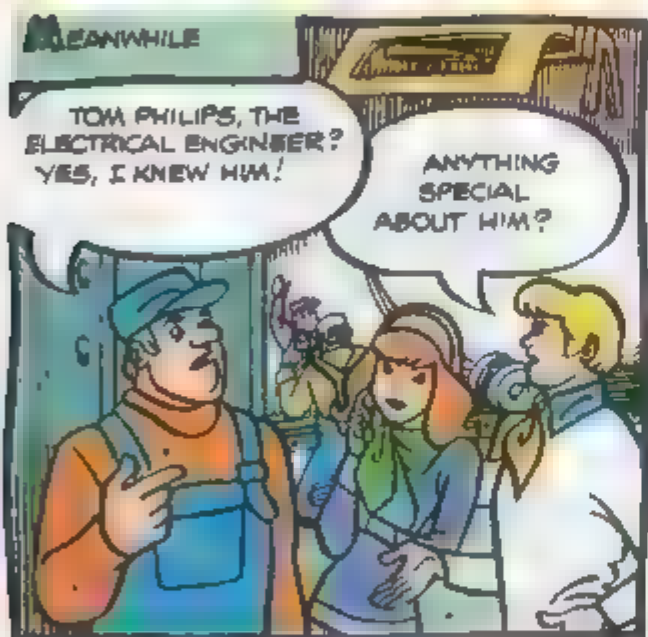
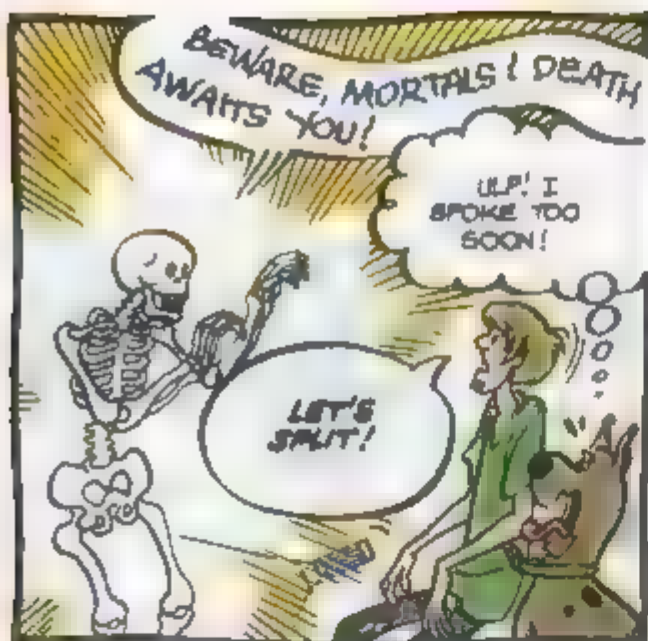
I WISH I  
COULD SEE  
BETTER.

I WISH  
I COULD SEE  
MY HOME.

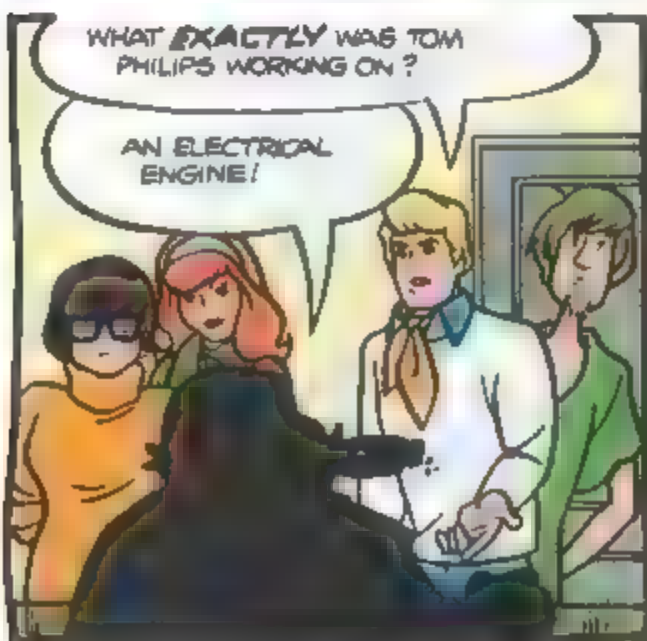
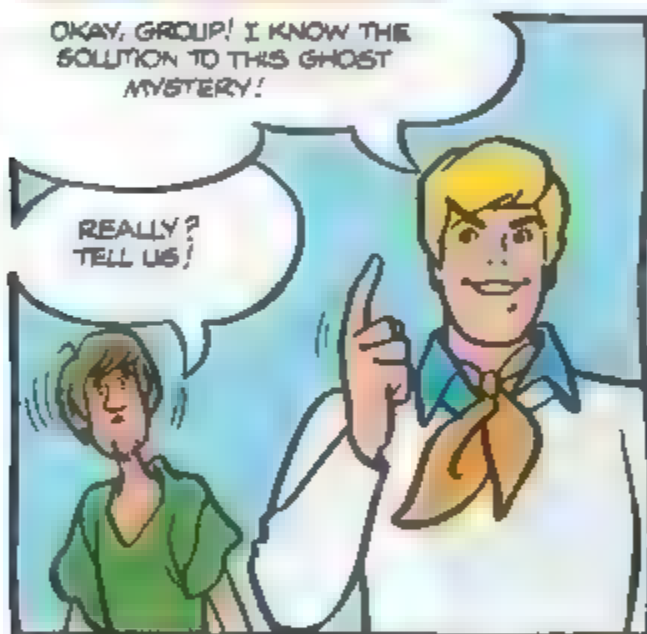
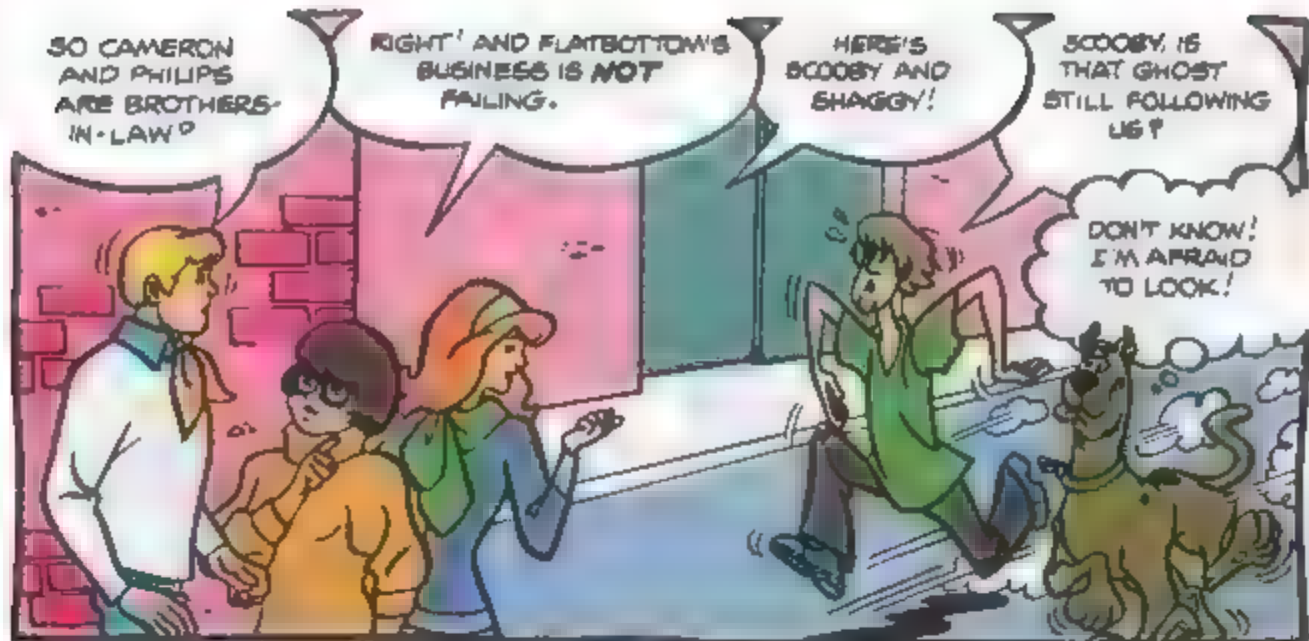
HEY! LOOKS  
LIKE THE GHOST  
ISN'T HOME.



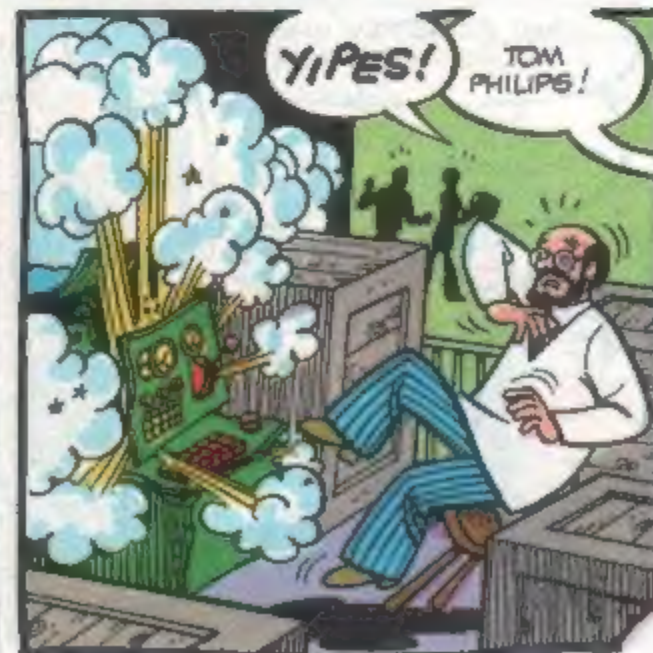
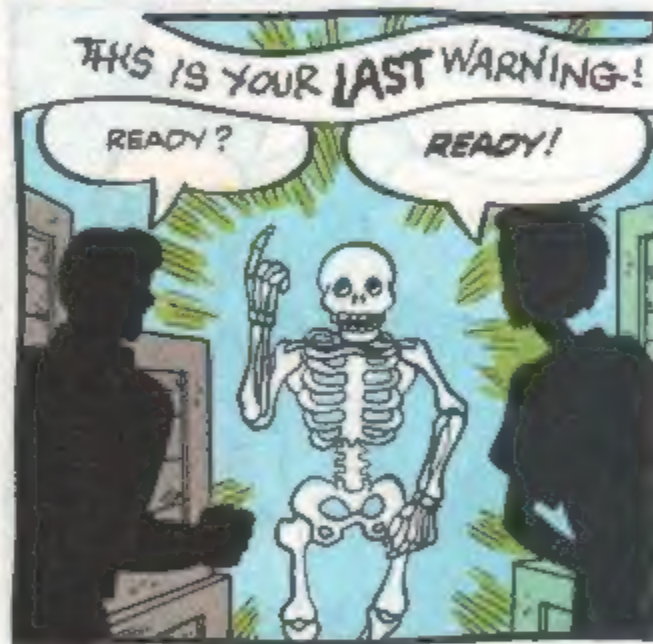




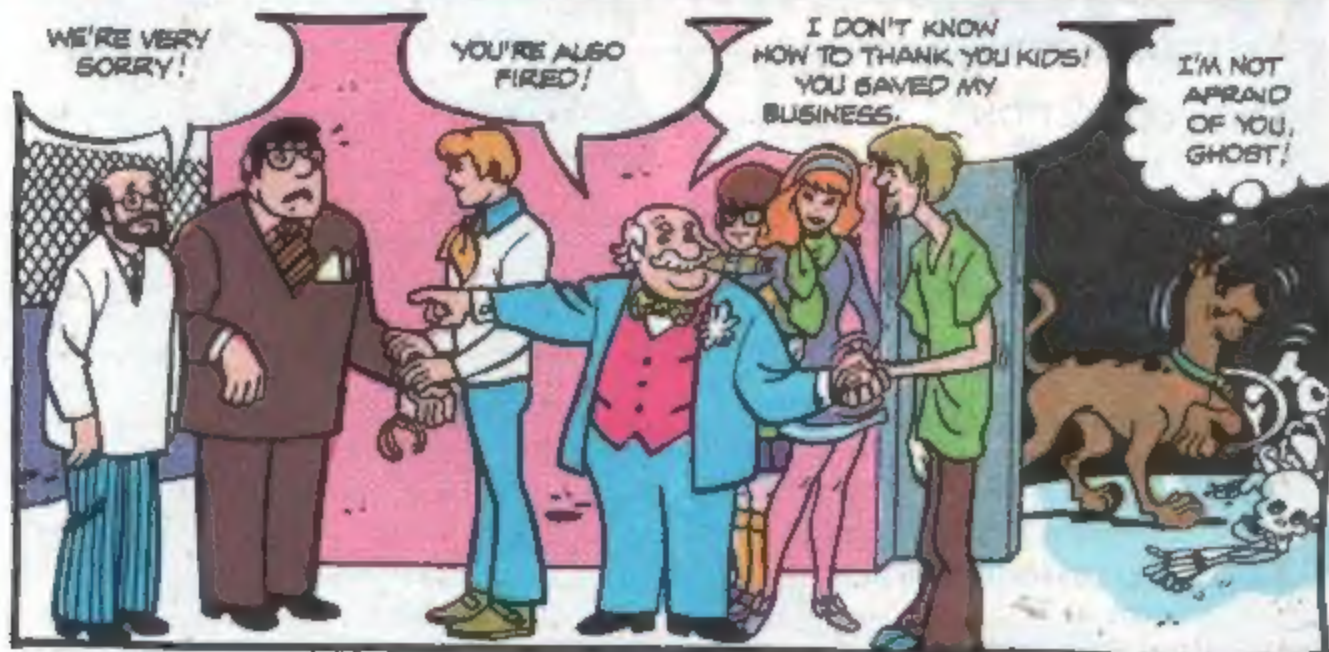
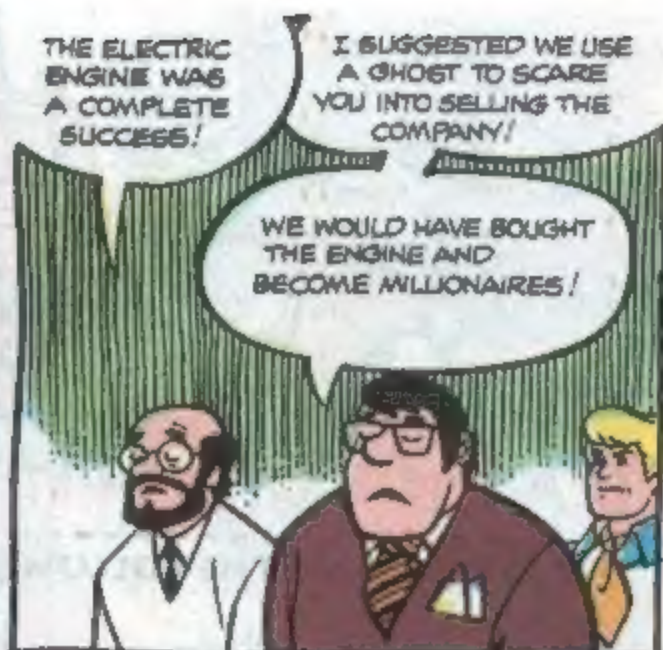














# THUNDER CASTLE



5306

The Mystery Machine was purring smoothly as the sun sank in the west. The sky was clear as Fred drove, and the others kept a good look-out for the campsites they were looking for.

"We must've taken the wrong road," Daphne said, scanning the road map. Velma was looking over Daphne's shoulder, and she agreed.

"I don't care where we camp, gang," Shaggy complained. "I just want to stop so we can build a fire and cook chow."

You can say that again, Scooby Dee thought.

"I don't care where we camp, gang," Shaggy complained. "I just want to stop so we can build a fire and cook chow."

Scooby Dee looked at him disgustedly. The others

hadn't listened to Shaggy repeat himself. They were too busy looking for a place to stay. Every campsite and motel had the NO VACANCY sign out. It looked like they'd have to sleep by the side of the road. Then, Scooby Dee's eyes widened.

"Scooby Dee!"

Scooby pointed ahead. Towering up from the ground rose a menacing stone mountain. And, on top of the mountain there was a castle.

"You know, I figured we'd come to a place like that," Shaggy told the others.

Daphne laughed. "Yes, Shaggy. We always do."

Scooby whined. He wished they always didn't. Some of these castles were pretty drafty. Or worse.

The sign at the turn-off said THIS WAY TO THE CAS-



TLK, so Fred turned the Mystery Machine and they started up the road that wound around the steep rocky cliff on which the castle was built.

As the MM climbed, thunder rumbled overhead. Shaggy looked out the window. "Thunder? There aren't any storm clouds."

Velma leaned out the window and looked straight up. As she did so, there was another crash of thunder and rain splattered the Mystery Machine and a drop hit Velma in the eye.

"There's a big, black cloud directly over the castle," Velma said cheerfully. Nobody was surprised.

"One of those places," Daphne said cheerfully.

Scooby Dee nodded his head up and down. He expected it.

The Mystery Machine reached the top, they cranked up the windows, took flashlights, and headed for the castle door in the heavy downpour.

As they reached it, the big, heavy door creaked inward. Thunder crashed, lightning ripped the sky, and Scooby Dee scrambled pasty everybody. Even



more than ghosts, he wasn't crazy about thunder and lightning.

"Is anyone home?" Fred called just inside the door.

"Yee-hee. Can we come in?" Daphne called.

No answer except for some chain-clanking and a flap - flap - flap as the bats flew past.

"It's just an ordinary haunted castle," Velma exclaimed. "Let's make sandwiches and then spend the night in the library."

"I'll stay up all night and read," Scooby Dee thought.

"So will I!" Shaggy said, looking at Scooby.

They had their sandwiches in the cobwebby library, disregarding the thunder and lightning. As they ate, they heard an agonized scream from the tower but on they ate. Then, more chain clanking followed by a howl of terror from the dungeons below the castle.

"Let's go to sleep early, gang," Fred said, speaking loudly because the thunder, chain-clanking, screaming, and howling were getting louder.

They all agreed and Fred said, "Okay, somebody blow out the candle."

None of them moved, but there was a puff of air and the candle went out.

"Thanks," said Shaggy.

"You're welcome," replied no one in particular.

They were dozing off when Daphne heard the sound. She sat up, her eyes wide with fear. Velma had heard it too and was wide awake.

Suddenly, Daphne screamed, closely followed by Velma's yodel.

"We're getting out of here!" Daphne yelled and in a second, all five were thundering toward the front door. As they neared it, the door opened and they raced into the thunderstorm just outside the door.

The Mystery Machine started down the mountain, and Shaggy finally asked the question.

"Okay, girls," Shaggy said, "what was it that scared you?"

Daphne was still pale.

"Didn't you see it?" Shaggy shook his head. Fred shook his. Scooby Dee just shook all over.

"It was a mouse!" Velma said. "Daphne and I are scared to death of them."

Fred and Shaggy didn't say anything.

Behind them, Thunder Castle loomed ominously on the hill, waiting for the next unsuspecting guests.

